MARVEL COMICS
PRESENTS

No10 Dec 19th 1979
Every Thursday 12p

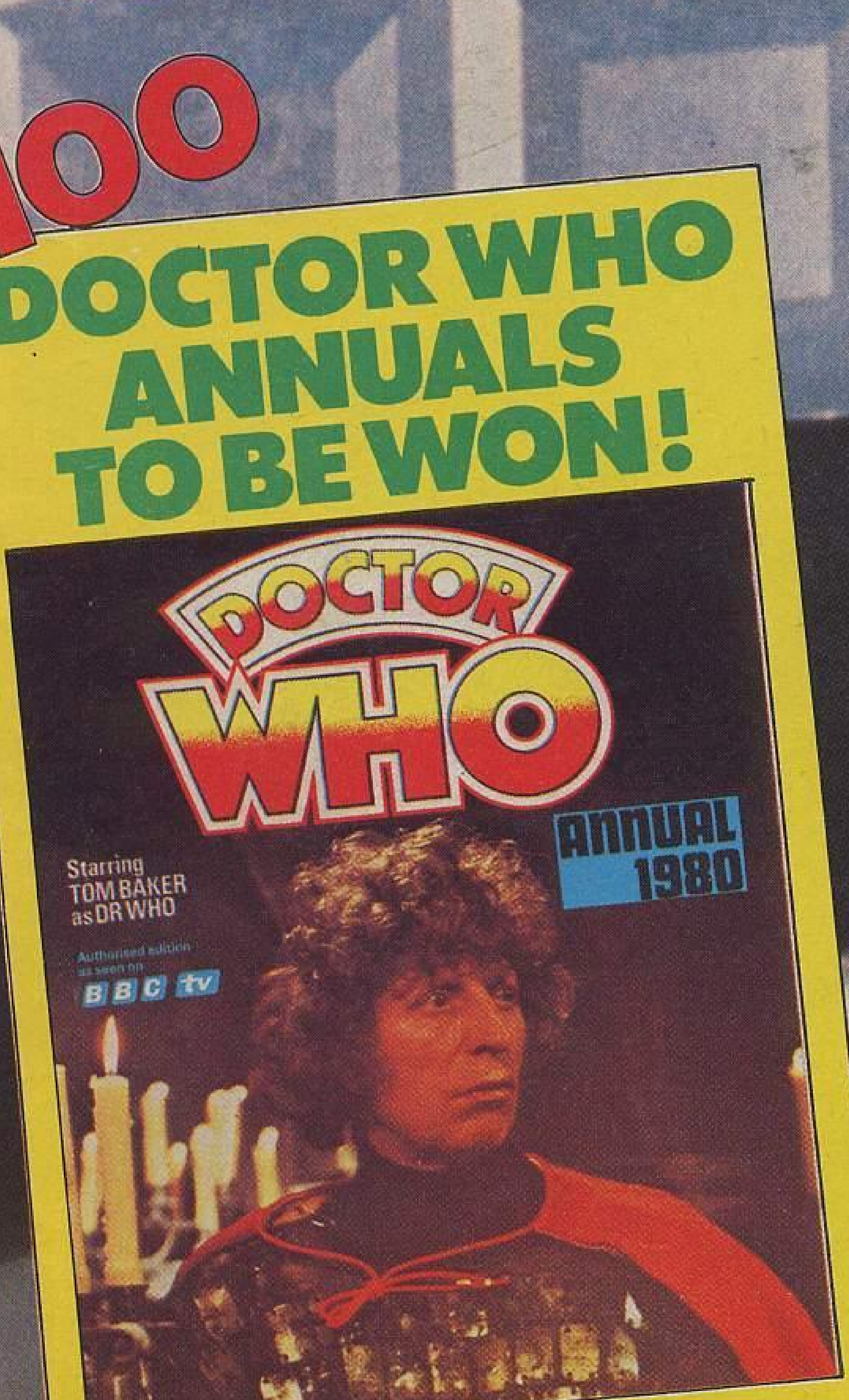
Comic Strips! Features! Pin-Ups!

DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY

FEATURING

DAVROS
MASTERMIND OF THE DALEKS

100
DOCTOR WHO
ANNUALS
TO BE WON!

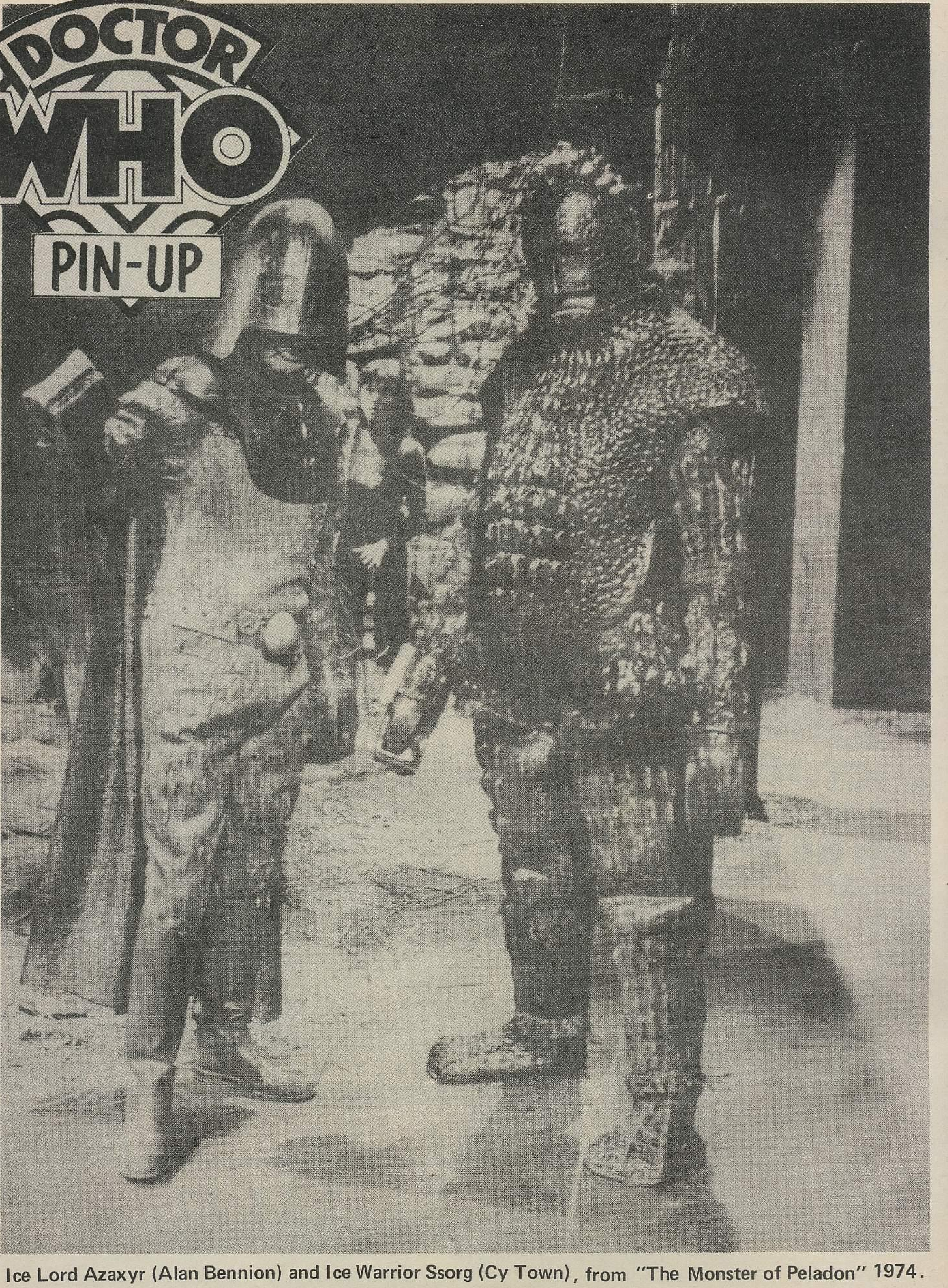

DOCTOR WHO
ANNUAL 1980
Starring
TOM BAKER
as DR WHO
Authorised edition
as seen on
BBC tv

THE DOCTOR FACES–

THE FRENCH REVOLUTUTION

DOCTOR WHO

PIN-UP

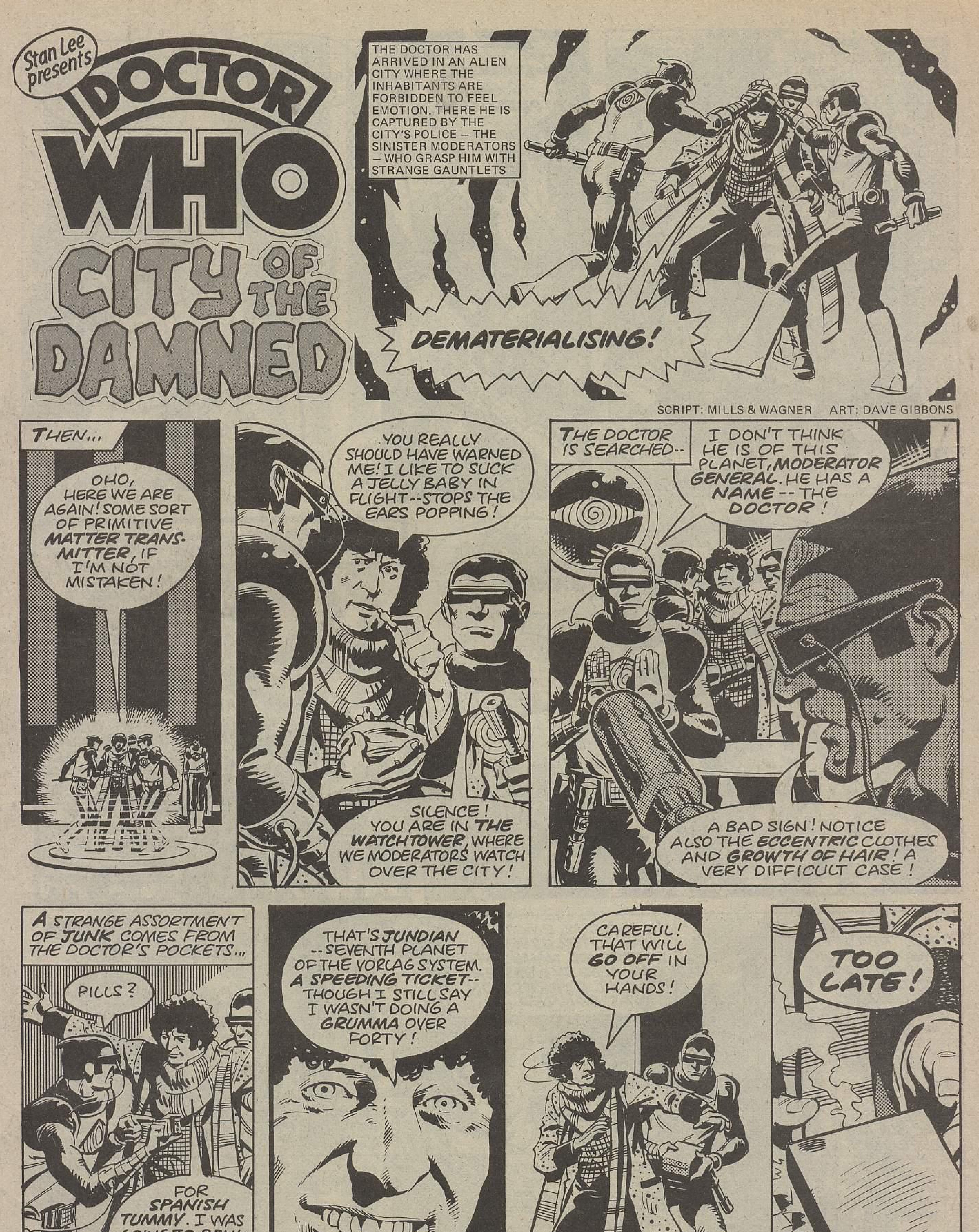


Ice Lord Azaxyr (Alan Bennion) and Ice Warrior Ssorg (Cy Town), from "The Monster of Peladon" 1974.

Stan Lee presents

DOCTOR WHO

CITY OF THE DAMNED


THE DOCTOR HAS ARRIVED IN AN ALIEN CITY WHERE THE INHABITANTS ARE FORBIDDEN TO FEEL EMOTION. THERE HE IS CAPTURED BY THE CITY'S POLICE – THE SINISTER MODERATORS – WHO GRASP HIM WITH STRANGE GAUNTLETS –
DEMATERIALISING!
THEN...
OHO, HERE WE ARE AGAIN! SOME SORT OF PRIMITIVE MATTER TRANSMITTER, IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN!
YOU REALLY SHOULD HAVE WARNED ME! I LIKE TO SUCK A JELLY BABY IN FLIGHT--STOPS THE EARS POPPING!
SILENCE! YOU ARE IN THE WATCHTOWER, WHERE WE MODERATORS WATCH OVER THE CITY!
THE DOCTOR IS SEARCHED--
I DON'T THINK HE IS OF THIS PLANET, MODERATOR GENERAL. HE HAS A NAME -- THE DOCTOR!
A BAD SIGN! NOTICE ALSO THE ECCENTRIC CLOTHES AND GROWTH OF HAIR! A VERY DIFFICULT CASE!
A STRANGE ASSORTMENT OF JUNK COMES FROM THE DOCTOR'S POCKETS...
PILLS?
FOR SPANISH TUMMY. I WAS GOING TO BENIDORM. SEEMS SO LONG AGO NOW...
THAT'S JUNDIAN -- SEVENTH PLANET OF THE VORLAG SYSTEM. A SPEEDING TICKET -- THOUGH I STILL SAY I WASN'T DOING A GRUMMA OVER FORTY!
CAREFUL! THAT WILL GO OFF IN YOUR HANDS!
TOO LATE!

SCRIPT: MILLS & WAGNER ART: DAVE GIBBONS

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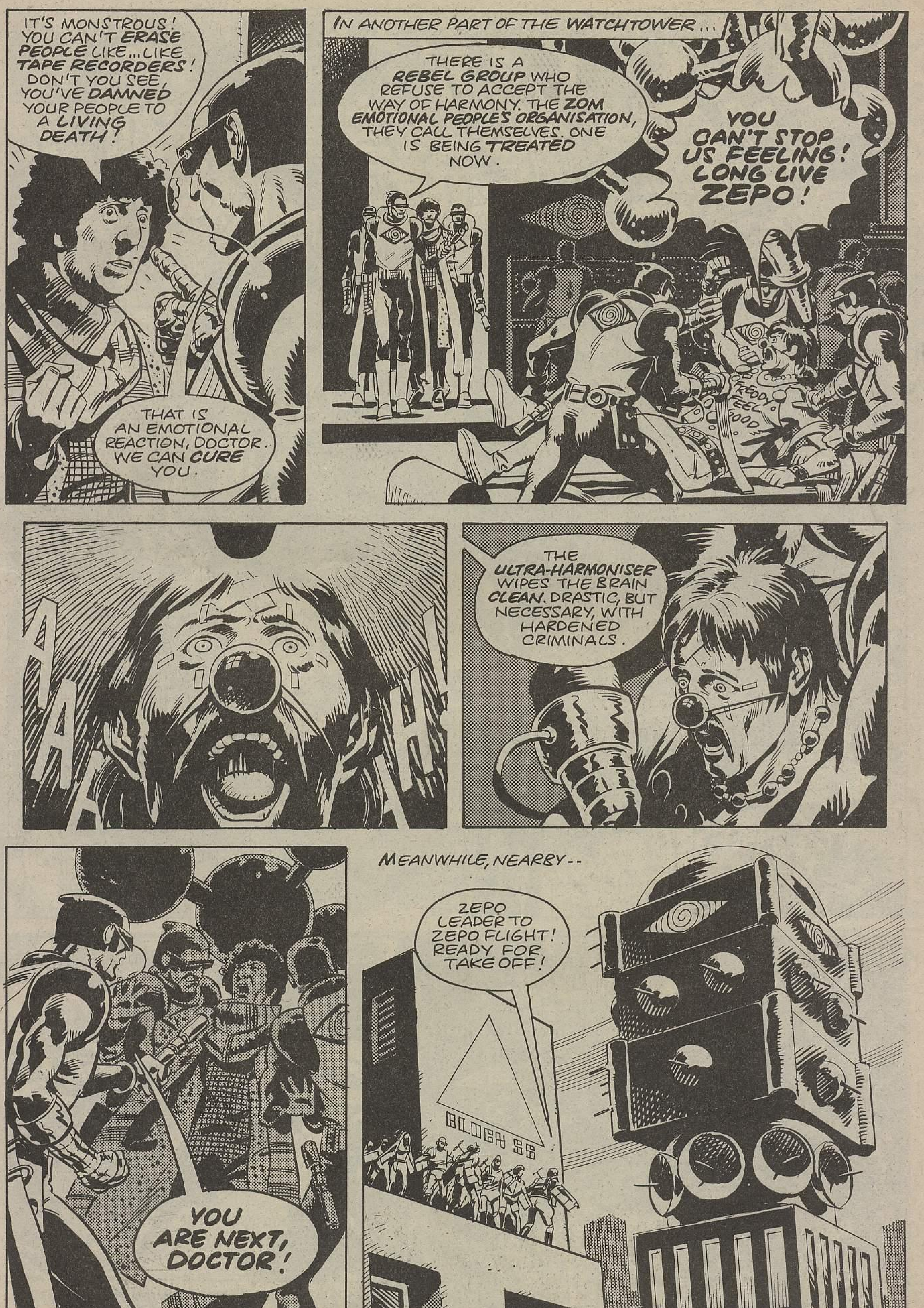
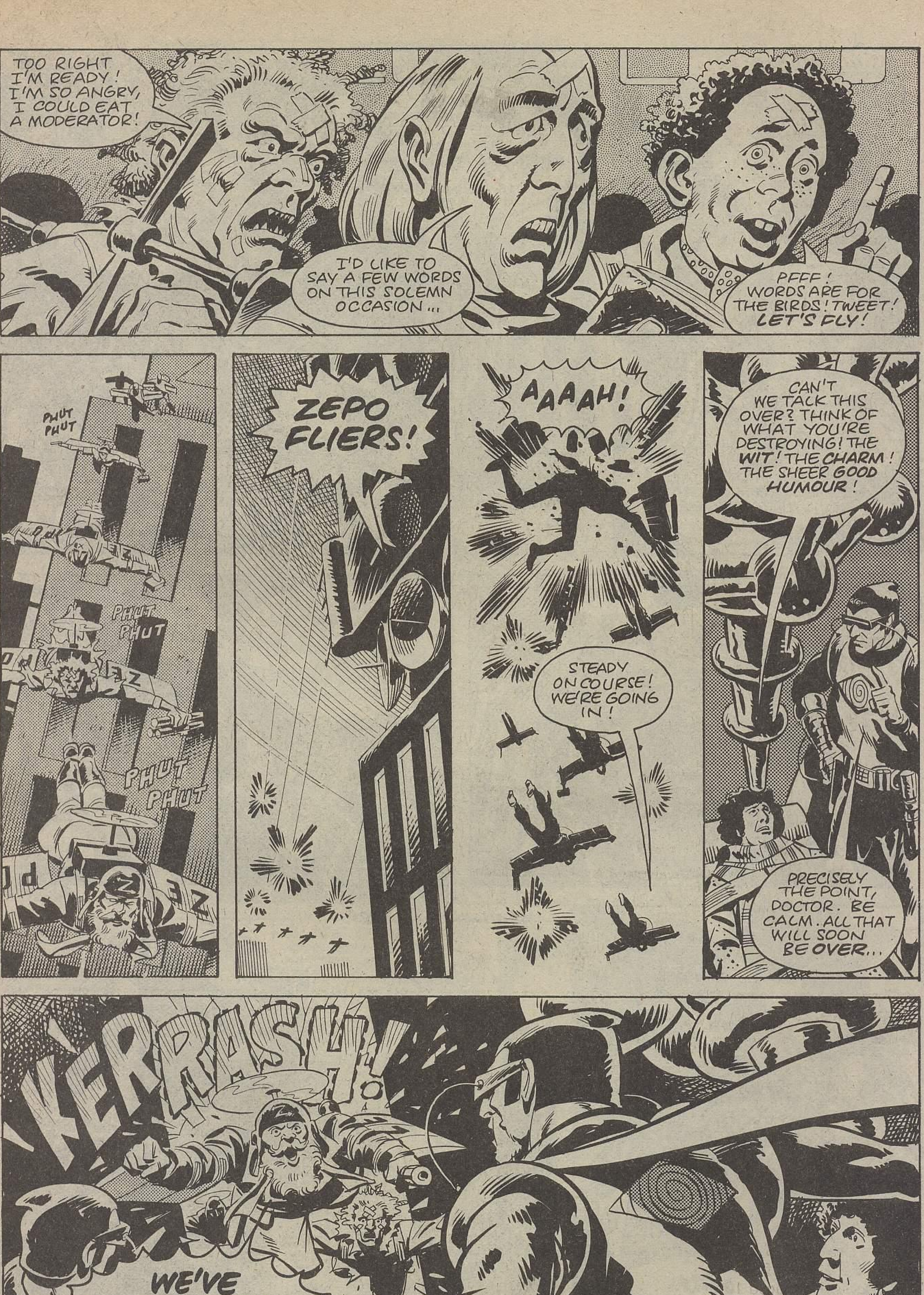
COFFEE AND DONUTS! IT'S THE LATEST IN INSTANT FOOD FROM THE PLANET EARTH. DO YOU DUNK?
DUNKING IS NOT PERMITTED!
YOUR SENSE OF HUMOUR IS HIGHLY ILLEGAL.
EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE ILLEGAL IN THIS CITY!
THERE IS ONLY ONE CRIME --THE CRIME OF EMOTION!
YOU ARE AN OUTSIDER, DOCTOR. YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE MIRACLE OF OUR SOCIETY...
THE MODERATOR GENERAL EXPLAINS...
LONG AGO, WE OF THE PLANET ZOM WERE A VIOLENT, CRIMINAL RACE! A RACE DAMNED BY OUR OWN PETTY LOVES AND HATES. OUR GREED. OUR DESIRES.
THEN OUR RULING BRAINS TRUST FOUND THE ANSWER. ALL CRIME WAS CAUSED BY EMOTION--THEREFORE EMOTION ITSELF MUST BE OUTLAWED!
'IT WAS A HUGE TASK. FIRST, THE CITY OF ZOMBOS WAS BUILT, HIGH ABOVE THE DISTURBING INFLUENCES OF THE LAND.
THE PEOPLE DID NOT WANT TO COME HERE, BUT THE MODERATORS KEPT THEM IN LINE. IT WAS FOR THEIR OWN GOOD.
IN THE CITY, EMOTION WAS RUTHLESSLY DESTROYED. NAMES WERE REPLACED BY NUMBERS. FACIAL EXPRESSION WAS BANNED.
MARRIAGES WERE CHOSEN BY MODERATORS TO AVOID THE POSSIBILITY OF AFFECTION BETWEEN COUPLES. AND MORE, MUCH MORE.
EVEN THEN, EMOTION WOULD NOT DIE. ZOMBANS WERE PRACTISING IT LATE AT NIGHT IN SECRET PLACES. IT WAS THE BRAINS TRUST WHO FOUND THE FINAL SOLUTION--
THE HARMONISER! A MACHINE THAT ERASES EMOTION FROM THE BRAIN!
'NOW, CRANIAL SOCKETS ARE IMPLANTED AT BIRTH. NO UNIT NEED EVER STRAY FROM THE WAY OF HARMONY.'

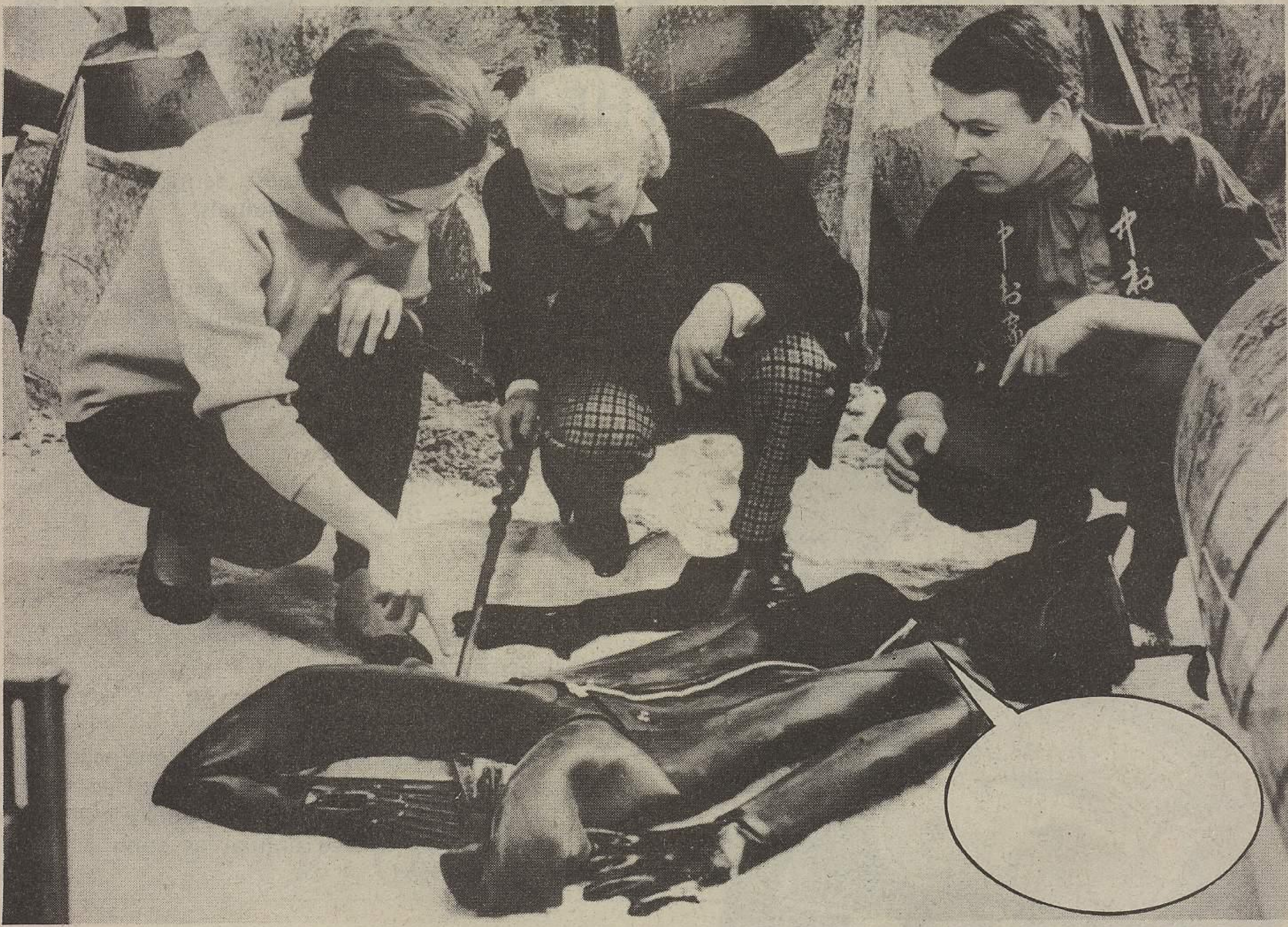

IT'S MONSTROUS! YOU CAN'T ERASE PEOPLE LIKE... LIKE TAPE RECORDERS! DON'T YOU SEE, YOU'VE DAMNED YOUR PEOPLE TO A LIVING DEATH!
THAT IS AN EMOTIONAL REACTION, DOCTOR. WE CAN CURE YOU.
IN ANOTHER PART OF THE WATCHTOWER...
THERE IS A REBEL GROUP WHO REFUSE TO ACCEPT THE WAY OF HARMONY. THE ZOM EMOTIONAL PEOPLES ORGANISATION, THEY CALL THEMSELVES. ONE IS BEING TREATED NOW.
YOU CAN'T STOP US FEELING! LONG LIVE ZEPO!
FREDDY FEEL GOOD!
AAHH!
THE ULTRA-HARMONISER WIPES THE BRAIN CLEAN. DRASTIC, BUT NECESSARY, WITH HARDENED CRIMINALS.
YOU ARE NEXT, DOCTOR!
MEANWHILE, NEARBY--
ZEPO LEADER TO ZEPO FLIGHT! READY FOR TAKE OFF!
BLOCK 56


TOO RIGHT I'M READY! I'M SO ANGRY, I COULD EAT A MODERATOR!
I'D LIKE TO SAY A FEW WORDS ON THIS SOLEMN OCCASION ...
PFFF! WORDS ARE FOR THE BIRDS! TWEET! LET'S FLY!
PHUT PHUT
PHUT PHUT
PHUT PHUT
ZEPO FLIERS!
AAAAH!
STEADY ON COURSE! WE'RE GOING IN!
CAN'T WE TACK THIS OVER? THINK OF WHAT YOU'RE DESTROYING! THE WIT! THE CHARM! THE SHEER GOOD HUMOUR!
PRECISELY THE POINT, DOCTOR. BE CALM. ALL THAT WILL SOON BE OVER...
KERRASH!
WE'VE COME FOR THE PRISONER!
NEXT WEEK: GAUNTLET OF DEATH!

£5 TO BE WON!

CRAZY CAPTION 10

ere's another of our fantastic crazy caption competitions. Just think of the funniest line you can, to go with the empty speech balloon (25 words or less), and you could win £5! Ten autographed colour photos of Tom Baker, will go to the best runners up. Send your entries — **on postcards only, please** — postmarked no later than December 17th, to us at: CRAZY CAPTION NUMBER 10, Marvel Comics, Jadwin House, 205-211 Kentish Town Road, London NW5. When sending in your entry, why not let us know which three features are your favourites in this issue!



RESULTS OF CRAZY CAPTION NUMBER FOUR

THE WINNER:

Tim Westmacott wins £5 for his crazy caption repeated on the right.

Signed colour photos of Tom Baker as the Doctor have gone to the ten runners up:

Andrew Roberts of St Annes;
Stephen Langford, aged 10 of Aylsham;
Sarah Jane Glynn of Welling;
Mark McGiveron, aged 10 of Liverpool;
David Gibb aged 10 of Darrington;
Marion Marshall of Ayr;
Chris Charlmers, aged 16 of Ormskirk;
E. Rackstraw of Basingstoke;
Peter Esave of West Croydon.

IF THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD LET'S SEE YOU WRITE ME OUT OF THIS!

100 DOCTOR WHO ANNUALS TO BE WON

— IF YOU CAN SPOT THE HIDDEN DOCTORS!

DOCTOR WHO
ANNUAL 1980
Starring TOM BAKER as DR WHO
Authorised edition as seen on
BBC

You could win one of these fantastic, colour-packed 1980 **Doctor Who Annuals**!

Normally priced £1.75, one hundred of these World Distributors Annuals are being given away to the best 100 emtries in our Spot-the-Doctors competition.

And all you have to do is look carefully at the page opposite, which features a jumble of letters, and see how many times the word Doctor appears — in a straight line.

But be careful, they could be forward, backward, diagonal, across, up or down!

Then simply fill in the details, cut out the page and send it in to us, postmarked no later than December 22nd, 1979, and if you're one of the lucky hundred — we'll send you a free annual as soon as the competition is judged.

Full results will be published in an upcoming issue of **Doctor Who Weekly**.

Send to: SPOT THE DOCTORS COMP,
Doctor Who Weekly,
Marvel Comics,
Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5.

The editor's decision will be final and no employees or relatives of Marvel Comics or the BBC may enter.

R	O	T	C	O	D	O	C	T	O	R	O
O	R	D	T	C	D	O	T	D	R	O	D
T	O	R	O	O	O	O	R	O	O	T	C
C	T	O	C	C	C	O	C	C	T	C	R
O	C	T	R	T	T	R	O	T	C	O	D
D	O	C	C	C	O	O	C	O	O	D	T
R	D	O	O	T	R	T	R	R	D	R	O
R	D	D	O	C	T	O	R	O	T	O	D

SPOT AND MARK EACH DOCTOR HIDDEN ABOVE

I have marked DOCTOR words.

Complete in 25 words or less: I like **Doctor Who Weekly** because

NAME

ADDRESS

DATE OF BIRTH

THE MONSTERS OF DOCTOR WHO:

DAVROS

On the craggy, war-torn planet of Skaro, science and nature combined to play a cruel trick on the humanoid race of beings known as the Kaleds. Amidst a war that had gone on too long came the birth of the most destructive of robot-people ever, the *Daleks!* Their destiny . . . a path of terror leading to the subjugation of all species that posed a threat and were different to themselves. All this hatred and horror was the work of one creature; from his mind alone came the very reasoning of the Dalek race. This creature was a mutant-humanoid scientist of the Kaled people — *Davros!*

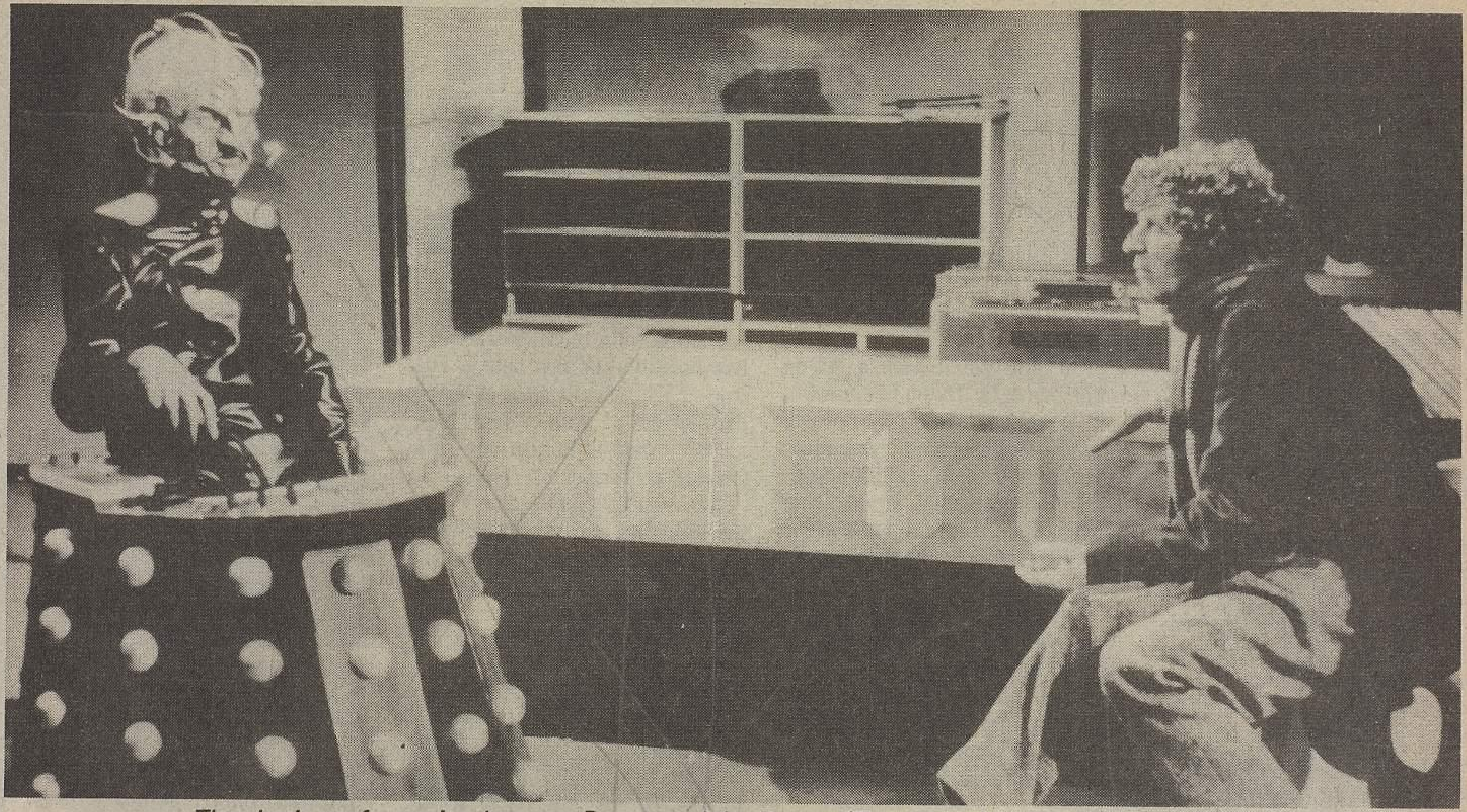
The most brilliant of his race, the gnarled scientist made the survival of his people his life's work whilst an endless war was fought with the Thals, another humanoid race who had for centuries shared the fertile soil of Skaro with the Kaleds. But the fertile land and flourishing civilisations were no longer a part of the race of Skaro and by Davros's time, an age of war had changed the landscape of the planet. Unable to come to terms with their minor differences, the Kaleds and Thals had entered into a bitter battle that was to consume all their resources and make for a miserable existence for both populations.

GENESIS OF THE DALEKS!

As the seemingly interminable struggle for survival continued, technology raced ahead at an unprecedented pace as more deadly and devasting weapons were developed. Germ warfare was experimented with and before long chemical and radiation weapons evolved as the mainstay of battle. A stalemate was reached when both peoples retreated into similar expansive independent cities sheltered beneath massive indestructible protective domes. Fighting once more resumed on a man-to-man level upon the radiation ravaged and ashen soil.

Determination turned to desperation as the Kaleds realised what was happening to them. Mutant creatures — the result of exposure to the deadly chemical weapons — were becoming increasingly common amongst the new-born of their race. The Kaleds had reached the point of no return. So instead of being killed upon birth, the creatures were nurtured in a special laboratory and a scientific research group was established to develop survival units for them. This scientific

Left: *Davros — the brilliant Kaled scientist who masterminded the Dalek Race*



The classic confrontation between Davros and the Doctor (Tom Baker), in **Genesis of the Daleks**

elite worked in a bunker away from the Kaled dome. The scientist in charge of the operation was Davros, himself an early mutant.

Davros was a specialist in his field, without the use of his legs and one arm combined with the failing internal organs of his body, who had developed and built a wheel-chair/container-base for himself. Following this design he worked upon the mobile containers that would house the Kaled mutants. The Kaled people applauded him, but the government was not aware of the wizened scientist's fanatical desire to perpetuate his own image in his machine. They were only awakened to the fact, too late, by the Doctor who was on a mission for the Time Lords to prevent the development of the Daleks before it began. He told them: "Davros works without conscience, without soul, without pity and his machines will be equally devoid of these qualities."

To prevent the termination of his experiments, Davros sold-out his race to the Thals, giving the Thal leaders the details of construction of the Kaled dome so that it may be destroyed. No sooner had the Thals wiped-out all but a handful of Kaleds, they were themselves almost totally exterminated when they came under attack from an army of Davros's prototype Daleks.

THE DEATH OF DAVROS?

With his first experiments complete, Davros had installed a number of the Kaled-mutants into the mobile container. But the robotically controlled suits of armour were now more than mere survival units. Weapons had been added and they became machines of aggression and war. And the Kaled-mutant creatures themselves were no longer akin to the rest of their species. Davros had altered their very brains, removing emotions and adding his own desires and reasoning. The end product was any army of self-powered, armed robots controlled by cold, uncaring hatred. The last trace of conscience had been removed from the Daleks' brains, causing them to despise all who are different, making *all* sentient beings their enemies for nothing is similar to a Dalek, inside or outside its casing.

This hatred came from Davros himself. It was his gift to the Daleks for he believed, from having witnessed the war of his own people with the Thals, that no two races could possibly live together under the same sun. Therefore, he did not believe that the minds of the tampered-with Kaled-mutants were evil, thinking that he had simply conditioned them to survive by becoming the dominant species. He felt that only when all other life-forms were suppressed could there be peace under one all-powerful race. That race, he believed, should be the Daleks. And so he saw them as a power for good. It is a pity that the Daleks did not share this ideal for when they returned from their mass extermination of the Thals, no longer prepared to take orders from someone who was unlike them, they exterminated Davros!

An eternity later, from out of the ruined and virtually forgotten remains of the Dalek city of Skaro, Davros was to rise again. Not dead, as the Daleks at the time believed, but merely thrown into a self-preserving coma, his body functions kept only minutely above total suspension. He was discovered by the Doctor only minutes ahead of a searching Dalek party. His desire for complete power through the Daleks frustrated for so many generations, Davros's mind was now bent on conquest of the universe. So fanatical his desires, his first words upon reawakening were, "Where are MY Daleks?"

THE WAR BETWEEN MACHINE AND MASTER

At this point in the long distant, far-flung future, the Daleks had come to an impasse in their battle against another race of robots, the Movellens. Having remembered they were not of robotic origin, and that by illogic could their impasse with the Movellens be overcome, they sought out their creator. But friction flew once more between creator and created as Davros questioned the authority of the Dalek supreme. Had Davros been successfully carried off by the Daleks to win their battle for them and not thrown into another term of suspended animation by the Doctor and his allies, who knows what sort of conflict and confusion might have been generated between Davros and the assumed authrity of the Dalek supreme? Davros might even have become the instigator of the end of the race that he had created!

But for now, held in cryogenic suspension and awaiting trial at the hands of the humans, the universe seems spared of Davros's crazed lust for power for some time to come.

WHO CARES!

The first letter this week is a rather unusual one, as it was received BEFORE the first issue of **Doctor Who Weekly** *was even published. Even so, you might find it interesting, and we look forward to your comments about whether we have fallen into the traps that are mentioned. . . It was addressed to Dez Skinn, the editorial director of Marvel UK.*

Dear Dez,

You've taken a huge weight on your shoulders by announcing that Marvel will be producing a weekly around Doctor Who. I think you may come across problems you don't expect.

Doctor Who is the complete opposite of the "typical" comic-book series. There aren't any muscular, dashing heroes, or power mad super-villains, well not the kind of super-villains normally associated with comics.

As a life-long Doctor Who fan, and as someone with a major interest in the fantasy genre as a whole, I've always winced at attempts to transfer the Doctor from screen to strip form. One such example had a total disregard for the character that had been carefully built up on TV and an attitude that "we're only writing for kids" ruined any chance of a decent strip.

If I've made it sound as though I think **Doctor Who Weekly** will fail, I don't. You've already produced two revolutionary fantasy mags — **House of Hammer** and **Starburst**, both of which surprised everyone by taking an intelligent approach to comics, and **Doctor Who Weekly** could well be your third such success. Especially with such talents as Pat Mills, John Wagner, Dave Gibbons, Steve Moore, Paul Neary and David Lloyd among the contributors — all universally respected as the best British comicdom has to offer.

I'm sure you'll have a hit on your hands by trying to appeal to all Doctor Who fans — not purely the youngsters (and remember, the show's audience is 60% adult). And by producing stories that equal, and draw from, ideas in the TV series, I'm confident you can make it work.

Anyway, Dez, good luck — whatever you do with Doctor Who, I'll be reading.

Thanks for being an innovative publisher in these days when most comics are grossly plagiaristic.

M. Waterhouse, Haywards Heath.

Well, other than a mumbled thank you from a blushing Dez Skinn in the corner of the room, all we can say is to ask all D.W.W. readers to let us know — has it worked?

So be sure to write in, we can only improve if you tell us what you'd like to see. Right? Write!

Reader Stephen Quant from Willenhall

Dear **Doctor Who Weekly**,

I have a friend over there in England who's been sending me your new publication, and I felt I had to write to you to tell you how much I've been enjoying your articles on the show's early history.

Here in New York, we've only been getting the Tom Baker serials. So your magazine is a great help in filling me in on what I've been missing all along.

Nan Taylor, Lake Ronkonkoma.

Dear **Doctor Who Weekly**,

I am writing to tell you what I like best in your new comic. The story I like best of all is "War of the Worlds". Also "The Iron Legion" and "Return of the Daleks" are very good.

Nan said that she didn't like the monsters and robots — but I do. I would also like to see the TV story "Destiny of the Daleks" in your comic soon.

Michael Steadman, Sidcup.

Reader Daniel Milling from Stockport

Dear Doctor,

Your mag is great. My favourite story is "Return of the Daleks".

Will you be having any adventures featuring the Cybermen in future issues?

Bobby Kapur, Middlesex.

Following the "Soul of a Cyber-Man" comic strip a few weeks ago we'll be having a new story about them in a few weeks, Bobby. Also there is a new Dalek story being made right now.

Dear Doctor,

I am glad you are now in a weekly comic, so I can take the comic to my school and read it after lessons.

Can you tell me what the Zygons are, as I missed them when they were on the television. Everyone else was saying how ugly and horrible they were, and that I should have seen them.

Stephen Mullin, Timperley.

Unless you're a terribly unlucky person, Stephen, you'll have seen last week's issue — number nine — with its special article on the Zygons, so now you'll know everything you could want to about them!

Reader Keith Appleton from Stocton-on-Tees

Dear Doctor,

I'm writing to tell you that your new comic is brilliant. I was delighted to read the story "An Unearthly Child". I'd always wondered what the first Doctor was like.

The only story I don't like is "Return of the Daleks" which I find boring.

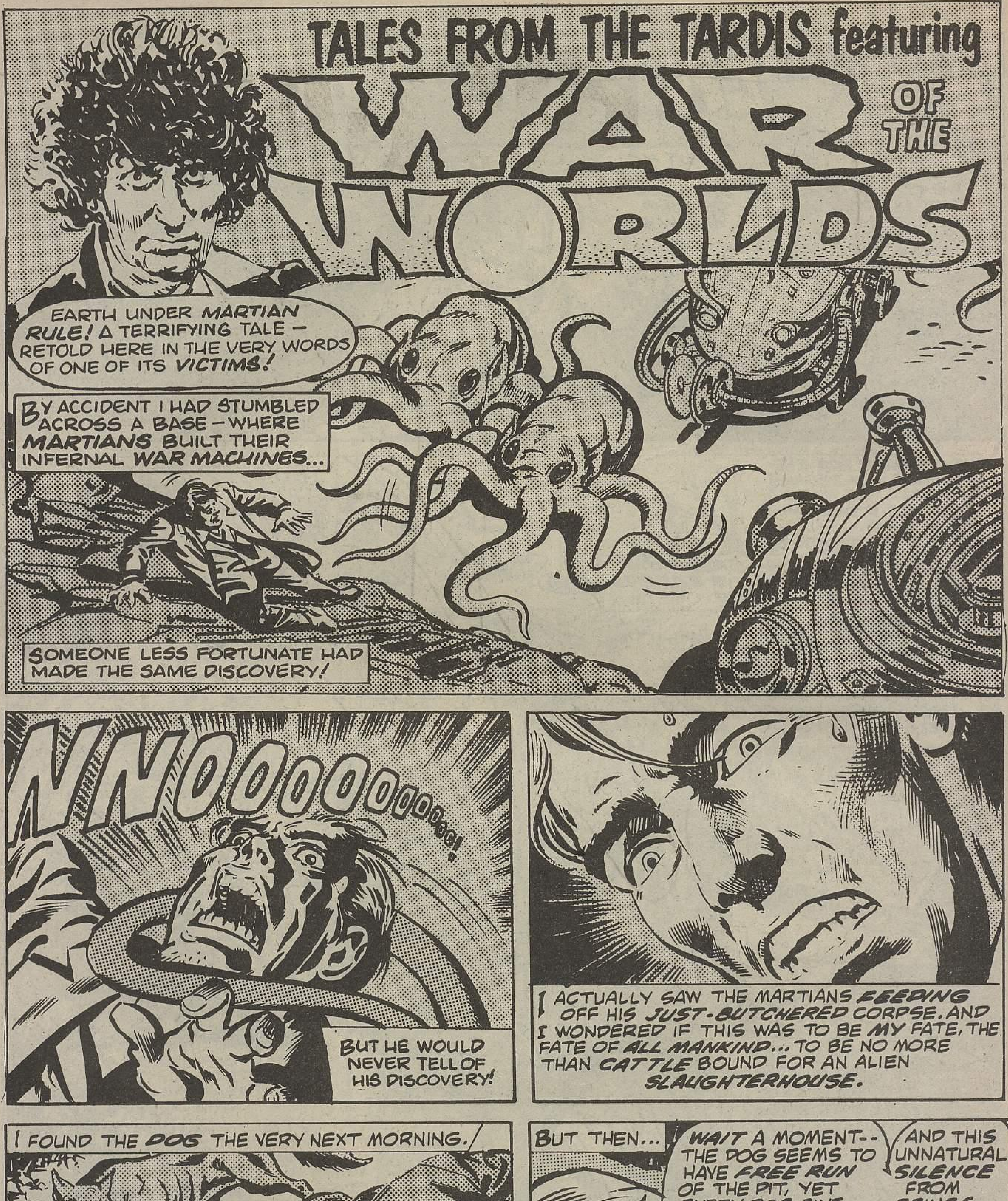
The transfers were great, and I must congratulate Dave Gibbons for the Doctor Who panoramas.

In many ways I enjoy the comic more than the TV series, and I hope to collect every issue so please do not join up with any other comic in the future and spoil it all.

Kenneth McHugh, Glasgow.

Reader Allan Sykes from Huddlesfield

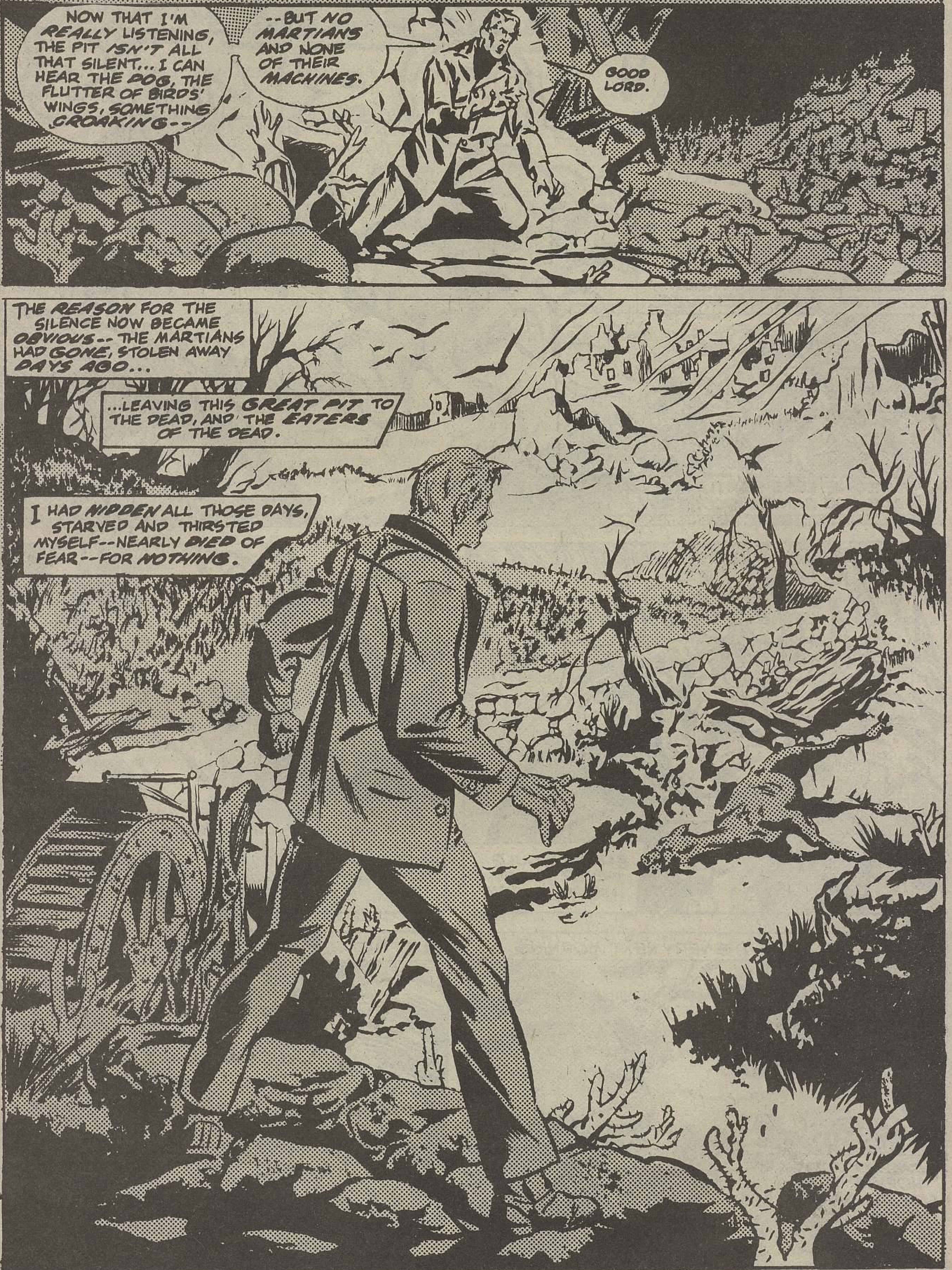
Write to us at:
WHO CARES!
Marvel Comics,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5.


TALES FROM THE TARDIS featuring
WAR OF THE WORLDS
EARTH UNDER MARTIAN RULE! A TERRIFYING TALE — RETOLD HERE IN THE VERY WORDS OF ONE OF ITS VICTIMS!
BY ACCIDENT I HAD STUMBLED ACROSS A BASE — WHERE MARTIANS BUILT THEIR INFERNAL WAR MACHINES...
SOMEONE LESS FORTUNATE HAD MADE THE SAME DISCOVERY!
NNOOOOOOOOooo!
BUT HE WOULD NEVER TELL OF HIS DISCOVERY!
I ACTUALLY SAW THE MARTIANS FEEDING OFF HIS JUST-BUTCHERED CORPSE. AND I WONDERED IF THIS WAS TO BE MY FATE, THE FATE OF ALL MANKIND... TO BE NO MORE THAN CATTLE BOUND FOR AN ALIEN SLAUGHTERHOUSE.
I FOUND THE DOG THE VERY NEXT MORNING.
GRRRR
I CREPT FORWARD, HOPING TO KILL HIM FOR FOOD (AND ALSO TO SILENCE HIM BEFORE HIS BARKING ATTRACTED ANY MARTIANS)...
BUT THEN...
WAIT A MOMENT-- THE DOG SEEMS TO HAVE FREE RUN OF THE PIT, YET EVERY DOG I'VE SEEN HAS STAYED WELL CLEAR OF LIVE MARTIANS...
AND THIS UNNATURAL SILENCE FROM BEINGS WHO NEVER SLEEP-- LORD ABOVE, HUNGER MUST HAVE ADDLED MY BRAIN FOR ME TO HAVE MISSED SOMETHING SO OBVIOUS...!

Script: Chris Claremont Art: Yong Montano & Dino Castrillo

Based on the classic by H.G. Wells.

PART 10 THE END OF THE INVADERS


NOW THAT I'M *REALLY* LISTENING, THE PIT *ISN'T* ALL THAT SILENT... I CAN HEAR THE *DOG*, THE FLUTTER OF BIRDS' WINGS, SOMETHING *CROAKING*--
--BUT NO *MARTIANS* AND NONE OF THEIR *MACHINES*.
GOOD LORD.
THE *REASON* FOR THE SILENCE NOW BECAME *OBVIOUS*-- THE MARTIANS HAD *GONE*, STOLEN AWAY *DAYS AGO*...
...LEAVING THIS *GREAT PIT* TO THE DEAD, AND THE *EATERS* OF THE DEAD.
I HAD *HIDDEN* ALL THOSE DAYS, STARVED AND THIRSTED MYSELF--NEARLY *DIED* OF FEAR--FOR *NOTHING*.

FOR THE LONGEST TIME, I JUST STOOD THERE--TOTTERING ON THE MOUND REGARDLESS OF MY SAFETY--STARING AT THE PIT AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE IN AMAZEMENT.
I HAD EXPECTED TO FIND SHEEN IN RUINS--BUT NOT TO FIND MYSELF SURROUNDED BY THE WEIRD AND LURID LANDSCAPE OF ANOTHER PLANET.
I FELT AS A RABBIT MIGHT FEEL RETURNING TO HIS BURROW AND CONFRONTED WITH THE WORK OF A DOZEN BUSY NAVVIES DIGGING THE FOUNDATION OF A HOUSE.
...THAT I WAS NO LONGER THE MASTER HERE, BUT AN ANIMAL AMONG ANIMALS UNDER THE MARTIAN HEEL.
STRANGE--AND HUMBLING--THAT THE EMPIRE OF MAN SHOULD PASS AWAY IN TWO WEEKS TIME.
AS I VERY NEARLY PASSED AWAY MYSELF. HOWEVER AFTER MUCH EFFORT, I MANAGED TO CLIMB FREE OF THE PIT, AND LATER, TO FIND SOME VEGETABLES IN A NEARBY GARDEN...
MY HUNGER EASED, I DECIDED TO HEAD TOWARDS LONDON HOPING TO FIND SOME SIGN OF LIVING MAN...
...BUT ALL I SAW WAS THE THAMES CHOKED AND OVER-RUN BY THIS RED, ALIEN GROWTH.
THE WEED SEEMED TO THRIVE ON WATER AND IT HAD TURNED THE WHOLE OF THE THAMES VALLEY INTO SOME VAST, PRIMEVAL, CRIMSON SWAMP.
I WANDERED ON, FINDING NO SIGN OF MARTIANS--BUT NONE OF MAN, EITHER.
I CAME TO BELIEVE THAT MANKIND WAS NO MORE UPON THIS EARTH, AND THAT I STOOD ALONE, THE LAST MAN LEFT ALIVE!

I SLEPT THAT NIGHT IN THE INN THAT STANDS ATOP PUTNEY HILL, SLEEPING IN A MADE BED FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE MY FLIGHT TO LEATHERHEAD.
IT WAS NOT A PLEASANT SLEEP, THOUGH, MY DREAMS TORN WITH MEMORIES OF THE DEAD CURATE AND OF MY MISSING WIFE.
THE MORNING DAWNED BRIGHT AND FINE--MADE EVEN MORE PLEASANT BY MY DISCOVERY OF A TIN OF BISCUITS IN THE SERVANT'S QUARTERS.
MY "MEAL" DONE, I STARTED INTO LONDON WITH THE AIM OF DETERMINING PRECISELY WHAT HAD HAPPENED DURING MY INCARCERATION IN THE CELLAR.
ONCE I'D FOUND THAT OUT, I WAS DETERMINED TO PRESS ON TO LEATHERHEAD; AND FIND OUT--ONCE AND FOR ALL--THE FATE OF MY WIFE.
I HAD NO REAL HOPES OF HER HAVING SURVIVED THE HOLOCAUST, FOR, I'D HEARD IN WEYBRIDGE THAT A FIGHTING MACHINE HAD LEVELLED THE VILLAGE WITH ITS HEAT-RAY...
...FOR WHAT SEEMED TO BE NO MORE THAN THE FUN OF IT.
HOW MANY LIVES HAD ENDED SINCE THAT FATEFUL WEEKEND, I WONDERED. HOW MANY CASUAL TRAGEDIES, HOW MUCH SUFFERING?
GREEN GROCER
MALDEN
DO WE APPEAR THIS WAY TO THE ANTS WHOSE NESTS WE CRUSH...?
VENGEFUL GODS WHO WREAK DESTRUCTION ON OUR LESSER FELLOWS FOR NO REASON? OR BECAUSE SOME WHIM HAS TEMPTED US TO DO IT?
BUT I FORGET--TO THE MARTIANS, WE WERE EDIBLE ANTS.
HOWEVER ONE LOOKED AT IT, WE WERE FINISHED, DONE, BEATEN--I REMEMBERED THINKING THAT THE NIGHT THE FIRST CYLINDER LANDED, AND SCOFFING AT MY FEAR.
I KNEW BETTER NOW.

A LETTER FROM THE DOCTOR

Dear All,

There's one question which keeps coming up in your letters to me. So I thought I would give you the answer here on my own page, as I seem to be getting pushed out of the whole issue by Cybermen, Silurians, Krynoids, and everybody else!

It is: "How come wherever or whenever the TARDIS arrives somewhere (or somewhen!) there is always a problem, war, or conquest?"

Well, the answer's sad but true. Just about everywhere you look – even on your own planet – whether in history or present day your time, there is always something going wrong somewhere. In all of your recorded history over the full 5000 or so years, the total peace time – when there hasn't been a war somewhere on your planet – is less than 50 years!

Being a rather inquisitive Time Lord, I can't resist getting involved in whatever's going on, hoping that I can help sort out the problem.

Ah, but you ask, why is it always an alien invasion, or things that go bump in the night? Well it isn't, actually. There was a time I helped a Krontonian ambassador find his missing seal of authority (his 78 year old son had swallowed it!). Naturally you haven't heard about that one because it wouldn't make a very good TV story or comic strip. The ones you see are just the most interesting problems I come up against.

And, as I'm constantly back and forth in time and space, there are limitless adventures to choose from.

But if you really want to see what happened when I went to Benidorm . . . but no, you can imagine what it was like for yourselves!

Happy times and places,

The Doctor.

DOCTOR WHO

STORY EIGHT

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

This week the TARDIS lands in one of the most voilent ages in history . . .

As the TARDIS comes to land, the Doctor announces, "England in the 20th Century," and it seems that for once the old man has managed to steer the ship to the right location. The travellers see the familiar green grass and forest trees of Earth. With their adventures together seemingly over, Ian suggests the four of them should celebrate by having a drink together in the nearest village pub.

Leaving the TARDIS Barbara cannot help but express a knawing doubt in her mind that this does not 'feel' like England. And, indeed if she could see the company of dashingly-uniformed soldiers now entering, the forest, her doubts would quickly be confirmed.

Suddenly Ian finds a small boy hiding in the bushes.The terrified boy tells them that they are in France, fifty miles outside Paris, then he struggles free and runs off!

A LAND OF FEAR

The Doctor is slightly put out by this discovery but insists they must be in the 20th Century. Moving further on they eventually come to a large farmhouse which appears to be deserted. Entering the house, the Doctor searches upstairs while his three companions scour the rooms on the ground floor. Susan then finds some chests of drawers, piled high with clothes of all sizes. But it is the documents with them that cause Barbara to go pale with horror. Some show forged release papers for the dreaded Conciergerie Prison in Paris, while others give lists of forthcoming executions — countersigned by one Citizen Robespierre. The TARDIS had brought them to one of the bloodiest times in History — the French Revolution; where those thought to be of noble birth were condemned to death!

Barbara (Jacqueline Hill) and Susan (Carole Ann Ford) in the house of Jules Renan.

Upstairs, the Doctor is rummaging in the darkened attic when a hand reaches out from the shadows and knocks him senseless with the butt of a gun. The discoveries of the three time travellers below are disturbed as a door crashes open to reveal two casually dressed men armed with pistols. The pair identify themselves as D'Argenson and Rouvray and once the companions have proved that they are not agents of the Robespierre tyranny, they go on to cite themselves as members of an escape chain, aiding persecuted victims of the Revolution to escape. D'Argenson apologises for knocking the Dcotor out upstairs and he is about to fetch him when a cry from Rouvray warns them of danger.

Soldiers have surrounded the house. Boldly the two men go outside to try and parley with the Lieutenant in charge but a fusilade of shots cuts them down instantly. Bursting into the house the soldiers find Ian, Barbara and Susan. However they have no execution orders for them, so instead the three are loaded onto a cart to be taken to Paris, and from there to the guillotine blade. As they leave the soldiers set fire to the house. In the farmhouse attic the Doctor stumbles back into consiousness only to find smoke rapidly filling the room. As flames begin licking at the door the fumes become too much for the old man and he collapses once more!

GUESTS OF MADAM GUILLOTINE

Inside the Conciergerie Prison, Ian, Barbara and Susan listen with mounting dread as a sombre judge accuses them of being escapees and enemies of the Revolution. He then sentences them to death. The trio are separated, Ian into one cell and girls into another, to await execution. Susan is distraught, but Barbara, more hopeful . . .

Meanwhile, the Doctor has been saved from the blase by the small boy the four met earlier. Crawling through the smoke he pulls the old man to safety, just as the timbers of the roof finally fall in. Introducing himself as Jean-Pierre he tells the Doctor of the capture of the others, and the Doctor then sets out on the fifty mile hike to Paris.

Ian is trying to devise a method of escape when the cell door is opened and another prisoner is brought in. The man is clearly very near to death but he names himself as an Englishman, Webster, who had been searching Paris for someone named James Stirling. Stirling holds a high rank in Robespierre's government but is in truth the leader of the escape chain. Webster has orders that Stirling must return to England and he passes this onto Ian plus a cryptic reference to Robespierre's deputy, Paul Barrass, and a sinking ship. He then dies. As the jailer removes Webster's body the governor of

Right: *The Doctor (William Hartnell) arrives in France at the height of the French Revolution.*

Barbara (Jacqueline Hill) and Susan (Carole Ann Ford) being taken to the guillotine.

the prison, Lemaitre, asks him if he overheard any conversation between the Englishman and Ian. The jailer replies yes but could not make out the actual words. Hearing this, Lemaitre crosses Ian's name off the execution list.

Next morning, Barbara and Susan are brought wearily from their cell and loaded onto another cart. Watching from above Ian realises with a shock where the cart is bound. The two grils are being taken to the guillotine!

A CHANGE OF IDENTITY

Ian is distracted from the grim spectacle by the entry of the jailer with his food. As the man is locking the door on the way out, however, an urgent summons from Citizen Lemaitre hastens him away — leaving the keys in the lock. With a little stretching Ian is able to reach down and remove the key, to his cell from the hoop. The jailer returns and takes the hoop away unaware that one key is missing. Cautiously Ian slips out of his dungeon. As the execution cart rattles through the Paris streets it is followed by two men, Jules Rensan and his associate Jean. Both are in the escape chain and are ever-watching for an opportunity to help prisoners to safety. Their chance occurs as the horse pulling the cart suddenly throws a shoe, bringing the procession to a halt. Quick to make the most of this, Barbara helps Susan down from the cart. A guard sees this and is about to fire his musket when Jules and Jean burst through the throng, pistols balzing. Quickly the two men pull the girls into the milling crowd and Jules tells them they will be escorted to a place of safety.

Meanwhile, the Doctor has arrived safely in Paris and his first stop is a gentlemen's outfitters. Spinning a yarn to the shopkeeper about having been recently promoted to the post of a Senior Citizen the Doctor acquires a uniform befitting such a rank and trades his own clothes, plus his ring, in exchange. Hurriedly forging some papers identifying himself as a Citizen from the Southern Provinces, the Doctor's next port of call is the Conciergerie Prison where he hears of the escape by the two girls and latterly by Ian. He is busily haranguing the jailer for incompetence when he is greeted by Lemaitre who invites the Doctor to come with him tomorrow to see Citizen Robespierre. The Doctor's heart sinks.

Not far away, in the house of Jules Renan, Barbara tells their rescuers about the ambush in the forest. To Jules, it is proof of a long-held suspicion. One of their number is a traitor.

Later that afternoon the shopkeeper from the outfitters arrives at the Prison. Asking to see Lemaitre he holds up the Doctor's ring and jacket and states he wishes to give evidence against the traitor.

THE TYRANT OF FRANCE

The shopkeeper is shown to Lemaitre's office, where he presents his exhibits, none of which were made in France. So why would a Senior Citizen be wearing foreign clothing? Lemaitre rewards the man and promises an early arrest. Carefully hiding the clothes, Lemaitre takes the Doctor, next morning, to meet Robespierre. The Doctor manages to bluff his way through, and Lemaitre invites him to stay the night in Paris as his guest.

Back at the home of Jules Renan, Jean has gone off to inspect the ruins of the farmhouse and Barbara is talking with Leon. Jules' wife Danielle enters, with a very happy Ian Chesterton. Re-united, Barbara confides her worry for Susan who is now very ill. Jules summons a carriage and gives Barbara a letter to hand to a physician friend of his who will cure Susan. Leon helps Barbara and Susan into the coach while Ian tells Jules of his encounter in prison with Webster. Sadly, none of the escape chain know the true identity of James Stirling, nor how to contact him since D'Argenson was shot.

In the physician's consulting room a group of soldiers burst in and arrest the two girls. Word of this gets to Leon who in turns races back to Renan's house. But too late. Ian has already left for the surgery concerned for the girls absence.

Back at the Conciergerie Prison Lemaitre tells the Doctor that two of the prisoners he was asking about earlier have been recaptured and he takes the Doctor to Barbara. As the cell door closes behind them, Barbara rushes over to him unaware that behind the door, Lemaitre is listening attentively to every word being said.

A BARGAIN OF NECESSITY

Arriving at the physician's surgery Ian finds Leon Colbert there, along with two soldiers, and thus he realises who the betrayer is. Leon demands the full details of Webster's message, but before Ian can say anything a series of shots shatter the peace of the surgery. When the smoke clears, the two guards and Leon are lying dead, and in through the doorway steps Jules Renan whose early suspicions of Leon Colbert had led him here.

Outside Barbara's cell, Lemaitre is still eavesdropping when the jailer calls urgently to him and hands over a letter from Robespierre demanding to see the Citizen at once. Leaving instructions that on no account is Susan to be released Lemaitre hurries to his meeting. Robespierre tells him that his deputy Paul Barrass is plotting against him. He cannot prove anything yet, but he needs Lemaitre's help. In a day or two Barrass is due to meet somebody and if the meeting is successful then Robespierre's reign will be ended. Lemaitre is ordered to stop the meeting from taking place.

Meantime the Doctor has taken advantage of the Citizen's absence to concoct a plan of his own. He informs the jailer that Barbara is a known resistance member. If she were "allowed to escape," then she could be followed back to her accomplices. The whole team could then be arrested and the jailer rewarded for his patriotic actions. The jailer agrees, and Barbara's cell is left unlocked, enabling her to escape back to Jules.

As the Doctor is attempting to free Susan, Lemaitre returns. Locking Susan up again, Lemaitre takes the Doctor to his office and professes his admiration for the Doctor's boldness. He seems the kind of man who could usefully help him in his task involving Paul Barrass. He starts to explain. Barbara has managed to find her way back to Jules Renan's home where she finds Ian and Jules. Tearfully she hears about Leon Colbert's treachery. Suddenly the door bursts open, and in walks Lemaitre!

PRISONERS OF CONCIERGERIE

Jules is puzzled as to why Lemaitre has no guards with him. The Citizen explains he has come as a friend and reveals himself as none other than James Stirling, who has worked in secret all these years to aid victims of the Reign of Terror! Now Stirling needs the help of the time travellers to discover the details of Webster's message. Ian tells him all that was said. Jules adds that "The Sinking Ship" is an inn not far north of Paris, and the English spy at once deduces that this is where Paul Barrass will meet his fellow conspirator. He asks Ian and Barbara for help in return for Susan's release and safe conduct to wherever their destination.

With the inkeeper safely tied up in the basement, Ian and Barbara are acting as the hosts at the Sinking Ship inn. They are amazed when Barrass enters with his guest; none other than General Napoleon Bonaparte. Barrass tells Napoleon that Robespierre is to be deposed tomorrow, after the General Assembly meets, and arrested. However, France will still need a strong figurehead leader and the conspirators have chosen the General after his success in the Austrian Wars. Bonaparte agrees.

This news horrifies Stirling, who already knows the threat that Napoleon would present. Yet, despite a valiant last-minute effort to change history, Stirling and Ian are unable to reach Robespierre's residence before the Paris mob, incited by Barrass, pulls the tyrant from his home and throws him into prison.

With papers signed by Stirling/Lemaitre, the Doctor effected Susan's release and they bid farewell to their friends at Jules Renan's home. With Napoleon in power now, Jules says we will leave Paris, following the example of James Stirling who has already gone.

Much later the four travellers are back in the safety of the TARDIS. More concerned for their own future, Barbara asks their next destination. This the Doctor cannot say, "Our destiny is in the stars" he replies, "and we must search for it."

The Doctor (William Hartnell) acquiring a uniform befitting the post of Senior Citizen.

Comment

That marvellous William Hartnell quotation closed not only the story, but also the entire first season of DR WHO.

As "The French Revolution" came to an end the producers of the series were well aware of the impact the show had made so far along with its strengths and weaknesses. Historical stories were evidently not as successful as the science-fiction ones and so from now on no historical serial would be longer than four weeks.

However, next week we shall see what happens as the Doctor succeeds in returning Ian and Barbara to 20th Century England, but not quite in the way that they know it. Join us next week on the "Planet of Giants".

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION Credits

The Doctor (*William Hartnell*); Ian Chesterton (*William Russell*); Barbara Wright (*Jacqueline Hill*); Susan Foreman (*Carole Ann Ford*); Rouvray (*Laidlaw Dalling*); D'Argenson (*Neville Smith*); small boy (*Peter Walker*);

Written by *Dennis Spooner*
Directed by *Henrick Hirsch*
Produced by *Verity Lambert* and *Mervyn Pinfold*

Next week:

THE PLANET OF GIANTS

DOCTOR WHO PHOTO-FILE

Entry Number Ten :~ IAN MARTER

ROLE: Surgeon-Lieutenant Harry Sullivan

YEARS: 1974 to 1975

OTHER MAJOR TV APPEARANCES: Quentin Ingrams in **Crown Court**, **The Brothers**, **The Venturers**, **North And South**, **Play For Today**, TV adaption of **The Brothers Grimm.**

MAJOR FILM APPEARANCE: **Faustus** (opposite Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor).

MAJOR STAGE APPEARANCES: **The Importance of Being Earnest**, **The Rivals**, **The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria**, **Conduct Unbecoming**, **Abelard and Heloise**, **The Knack** and **Baggage.**

SPECIAL MENTION: The character of Harry Sullivan was devised by Barry Letts, the producer in 1974, who was unsure about how Tom Baker would play the new Doctor. If Baker had played the role more in the pacifist traditions of Hartnell and Troughton, then Harry Sullivan would be on hand to do the "physical and stunt scenes" such as fight sequences.

As events transpired, Tom Baker's Doctor was well able to look after himself and so, to avoid writers having to continually divide the action scenes, Harry Sullivan was gradually phased out of the series.

However Ian Marter holds a special place in the eyes of **Dr Who** fans for his contributions to the series since he left it. Making good use of his Cambridge English degree Ian has penned no less than three of the successful **Dr Who** novels which are widely read by adults and children alike.

CUT OUT AND COLLECT THE ENTIRE SERIES

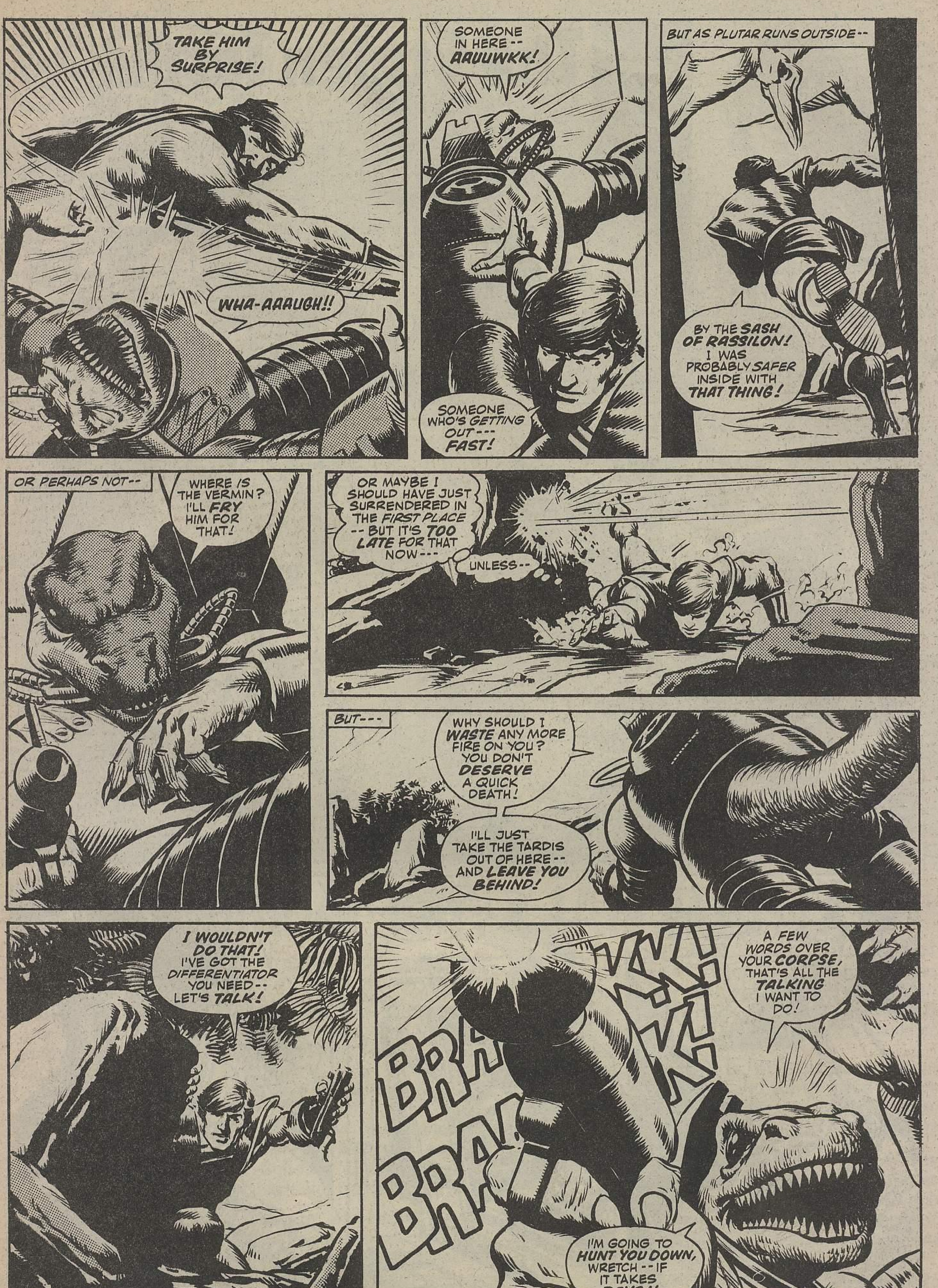
The Stolen Tardis

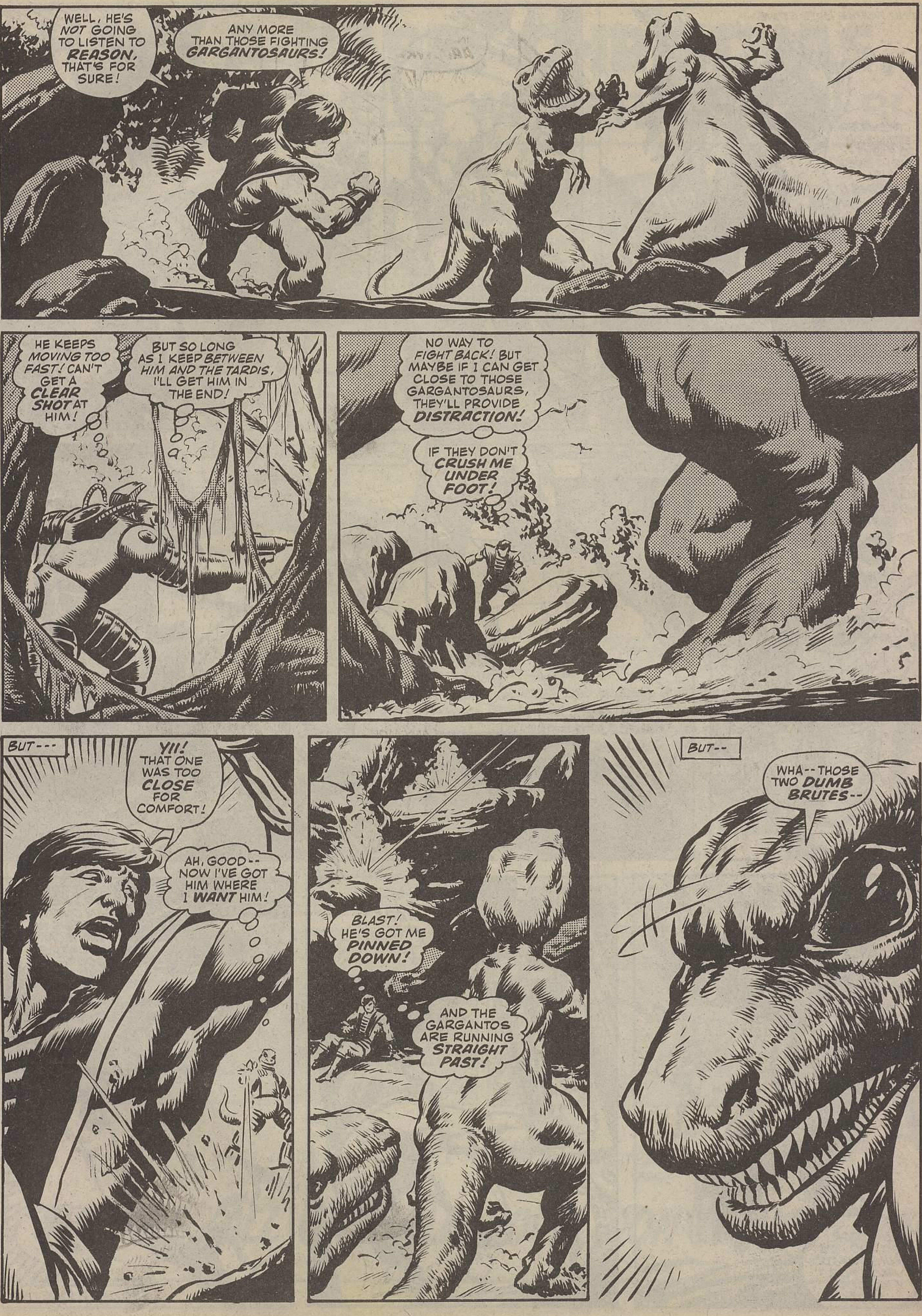
A TALE of the TIME LORDS

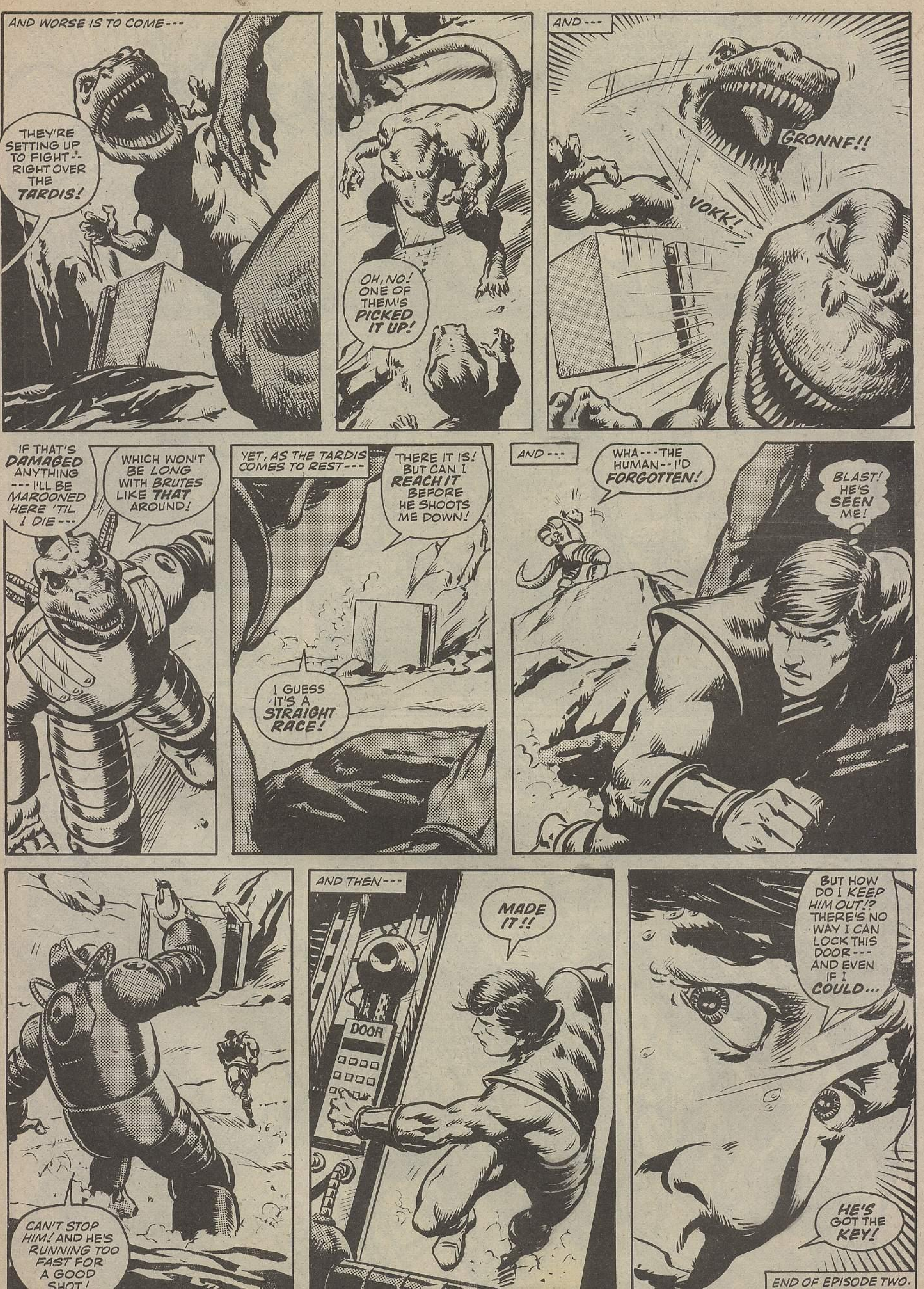
Part TWO

ON GALLIFREY, PLUTAR HAS BEEN FAILED AT THE TIME-LORD ACADEMY AND GIVEN A JOB AS A TARDIS-MECHANIC. BUT AN ALIEN, SILLARC, ARRIVES --- AND, DISTRACTING THE CITIZENS WITH A STRANGE SPACE-CIRCUS, STEALS A TARDIS---
BUT SILLARC DOES NOT REALISE THAT PLUTAR IS STILL ABOARD THE TARDIS--
HE SEEMS TO KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING... AND I'M GOING TO BE IN TROUBLE IF HE FINDS ME HERE--
AND THEN--
GOOD--WE'VE ARRIVED! SHOULD BE RIGHT IN THE HEART OF MY OWN SHIP... AND READY TO MAKE MY GETAWAY!
BUT AS SILLARC EMERGES FROM THE TARDIS---
BY THE SEVEN BELLIES OF JARAC! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?!
THIS ISN'T WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO BE!
BACK INSIDE--
SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG! I WAS SUPPOSED TO TRAVEL ONLY IN SPACE... NOT TIME---
BUT THE INSTRUMENTS SAY I'M STILL IN THE SAME SPOT-- BUT MILLIONS OF YEARS IN THE PAST!
THEN---
AHA! THE RELATIVITY DIFFERENTIATOR'S MISSING!
OF COURSE! THIS THING WAS IN FOR REPAIR, WASN'T IT!
MAYBE THERE'S A SPARE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!
OH, NO! HE'S COMING IN HERE! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO--

SCRIPT: MOORE/ART: DILLON.


TAKE HIM BY SURPRISE!
WHA-AAAUGH!!
SOMEONE IN HERE -- AAUUWKK!
SOMEONE WHO'S GETTING OUT --- FAST!
BUT AS PLUTAR RUNS OUTSIDE --
BY THE SASH OF RASSILON! I WAS PROBABLY SAFER INSIDE WITH THAT THING!
OR PERHAPS NOT --
WHERE IS THE VERMIN? I'LL FRY HIM FOR THAT!
OR MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE JUST SURRENDERED IN THE FIRST PLACE -- BUT IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT NOW ---
UNLESS --
BUT ---
WHY SHOULD I WASTE ANY MORE FIRE ON YOU? YOU DON'T DESERVE A QUICK DEATH!
I'LL JUST TAKE THE TARDIS OUT OF HERE -- AND LEAVE YOU BEHIND!
I WOULDN'T DO THAT! I'VE GOT THE DIFFERENTIATOR YOU NEED -- LET'S TALK!
A FEW WORDS OVER YOUR CORPSE, THAT'S ALL THE TALKING I WANT TO DO!
BRAKK! BRAKK!
I'M GOING TO HUNT YOU DOWN, WRETCH -- IF IT TAKES DAYS!!


WELL, HE'S NOT GOING TO LISTEN TO REASON, THAT'S FOR SURE!
ANY MORE THAN THOSE FIGHTING GARGANTOSAURS!
HE KEEPS MOVING TOO FAST! CAN'T GET A CLEAR SHOT AT HIM!
BUT SO LONG AS I KEEP BETWEEN HIM AND THE TARDIS, I'LL GET HIM IN THE END!
NO WAY TO FIGHT BACK! BUT MAYBE IF I CAN GET CLOSE TO THOSE GARGANTOSAURS, THEY'LL PROVIDE DISTRACTION!
IF THEY DON'T CRUSH ME UNDER FOOT!
BUT---
YII! THAT ONE WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!
AH, GOOD-- NOW I'VE GOT HIM WHERE I WANT HIM!
BLAST! HE'S GOT ME PINNED DOWN!
AND THE GARGANTOS ARE RUNNING STRAIGHT PAST!
BUT--
WHA-- THOSE TWO DUMB BRUTES--


AND WORSE IS TO COME---
THEY'RE SETTING UP TO FIGHT-- RIGHT OVER THE TARDIS!
OH, NO! ONE OF THEM'S PICKED IT UP!
AND---
GRONNF!!
VOKK!
IF THAT'S DAMAGED ANYTHING ---I'LL BE MAROONED HERE 'TIL I DIE---
WHICH WON'T BE LONG WITH BRUTES LIKE THAT AROUND!
YET, AS THE TARDIS COMES TO REST---
THERE IT IS! BUT CAN I REACH IT BEFORE HE SHOOTS ME DOWN!
I GUESS IT'S A STRAIGHT RACE!
AND---
WHA---THE HUMAN--I'D FORGOTTEN!
BLAST! HE'S SEEN ME!
CAN'T STOP HIM! AND HE'S RUNNING TOO FAST FOR A GOOD SHOT!
AND THEN---
MADE IT!!
DOOR
BUT HOW DO I KEEP HIM OUT!? THERE'S NO WAY I CAN LOCK THIS DOOR---AND EVEN IF I COULD...
HE'S GOT THE KEY!
END OF EPISODE TWO.

HAVE A HAPPY CHRISTMAS...
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You raved over the **Spidey Summer Special**. . . but just wait till you see what we've cooked up this winter for old web-head A fantastic 33 page epic tale of the Watcher, who shows us 3 alternative worlds — where someone else became Spider-Man! And just look who the 3 were who took the radioactive spider bite. . . JJJ's son John Jameson, Betty Brant and Flash Thompson! Also inside: A look back at Britain's Spidey comic over the last 6 years — its stars and its changes, how Stan & Johnny Romita produce the Spidey Newspaper Strip, how Stan and Steve Ditko created Spider-Man, plans of Peter Parker's pad, his office and university grounds, plus more, more more!!

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FRANTIC

You pleaded for more. . . you begged for more! You must be mad, or crazy, or even — — FRANTIC! Yes, we've dished up a second helping of Marvel's madcap mag of hectic humour. This time around featuring our look at: Battlestar Galactica, The Silver Surfer, Fantasy Island, The Waltons, Santa Claus, plus the inimitable HOWARD THE DUCK!

52 average size pages! A steal at 40p!

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When we had to pull The Micronauts out of **Star Wars Weekly** there was such a hue and cry, we started coming into the office in disguise. . . in fear of our lives! Well, they're back! In the pages of our latest 'pilot' project, **Star Heroes.** And just look at the company they're keeping. . . none other than the heroes and villains of BATTLESTAR GALACTICA! What more could any science-fiction loving Marvelite ask for?

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. . . GRAB THEM WHILE THEY'RE AROUND, TIGERS!

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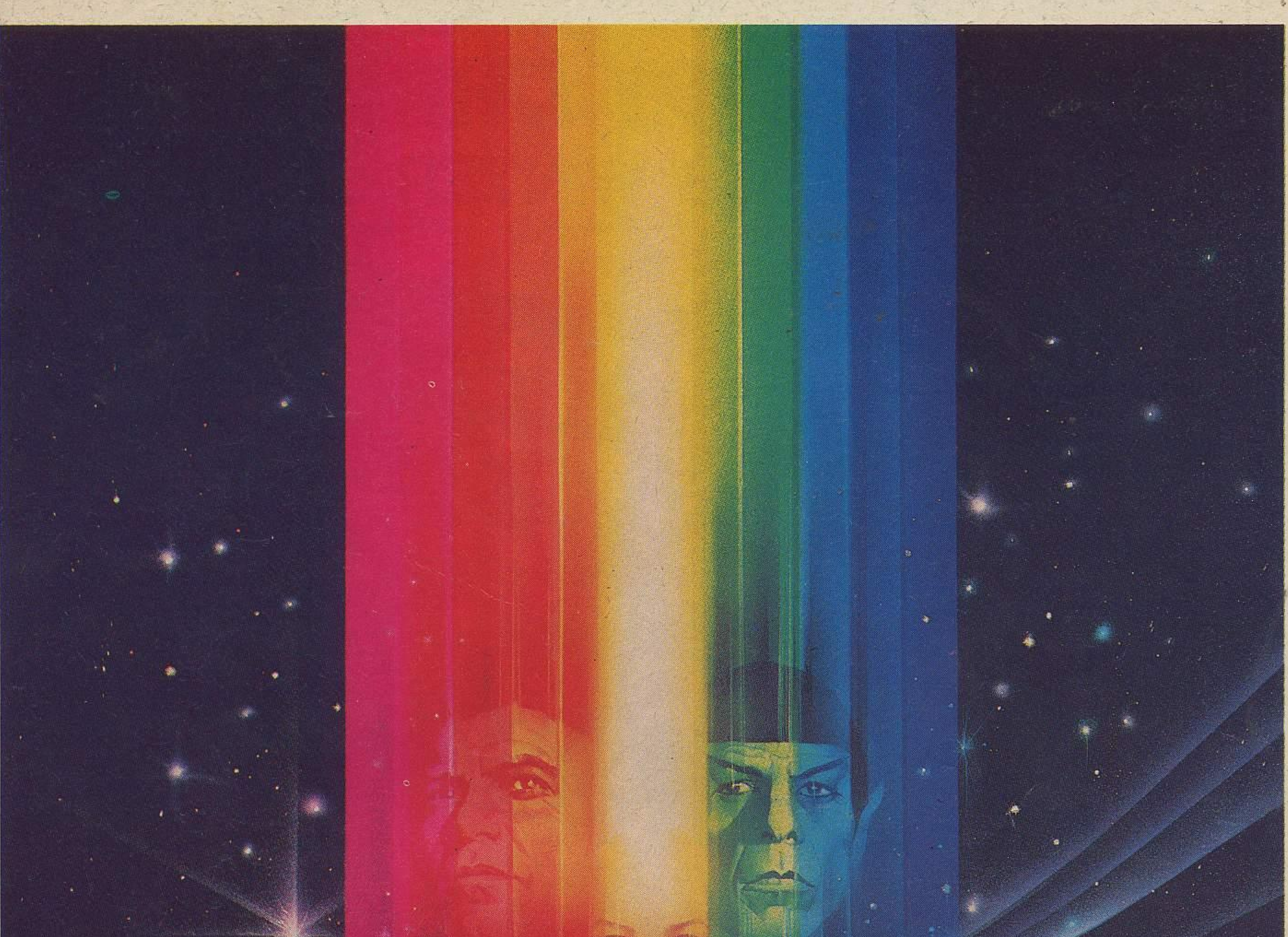

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